



Classic

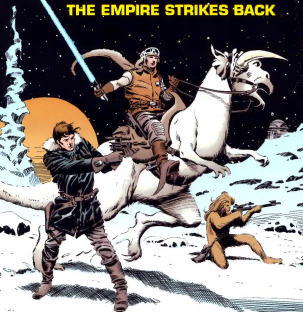
CLASSIC

STAR WARS

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

CLASSIC
STAR WARS
1

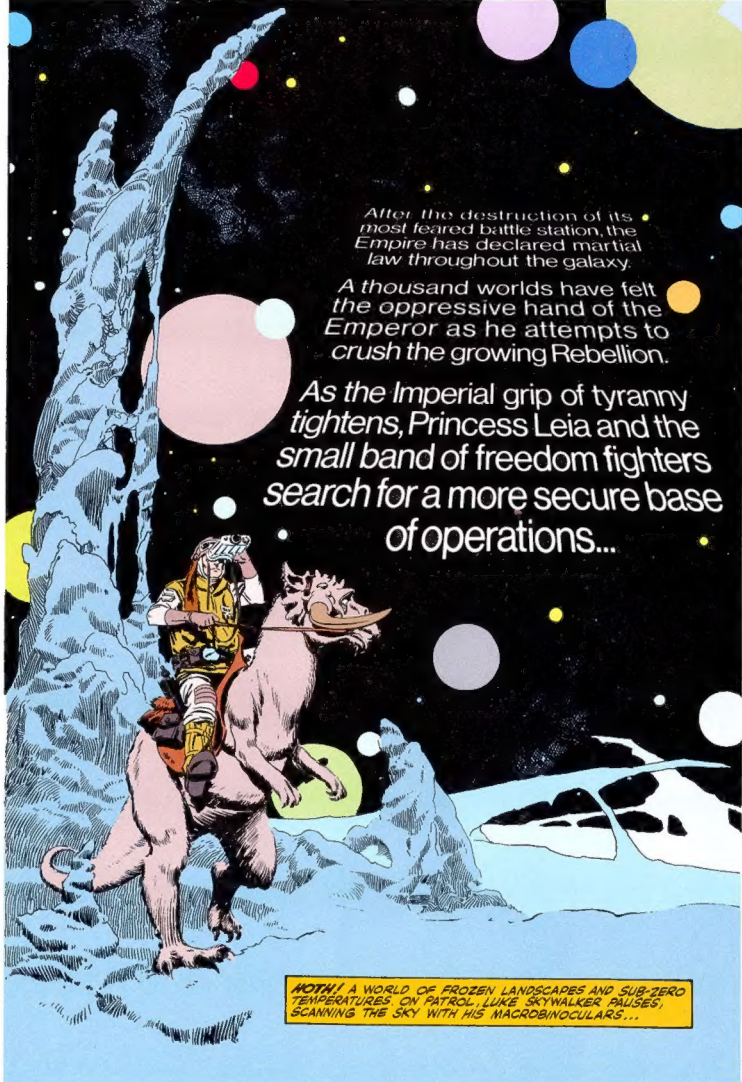
READ LEE
BUT CAN



GOODWIN
WILLIAMSON

And



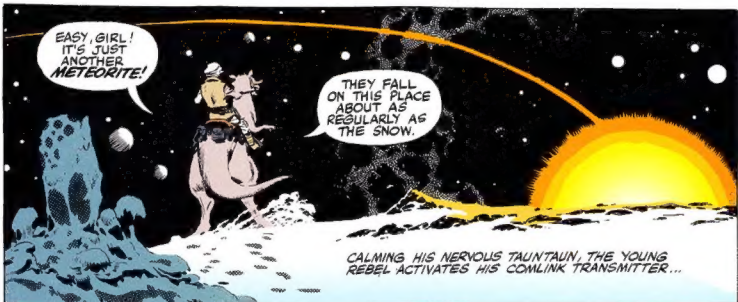


After the destruction of its most feared battle station, the Empire has declared martial law throughout the galaxy.

A thousand worlds have felt the oppressive hand of the Emperor as he attempts to crush the growing Rebellion.

As the Imperial grip of tyranny tightens, Princess Leia and the small band of freedom fighters search for a more secure base of operations...

WOOT! A WORLD OF FROZEN LANDSCAPES AND SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES. ON PATROL, LUKE SKYWALKER PAUSES, SCANNING THE SKY WITH HIS MACROBINOCULARS...



YOU READ ME, HAN...? I'M ABOUT TO PACK IT IN... AFTER I CHECK OUT A METEORITE THAT JUST HIT. HAVEN'T PICKED UP ANY LIFE READINGS.



NO SOONER DOES LUKE SIGN OFF... THAN HIS MOUNT SKITTERS WORSE THAN EVER.



AND BEFORE HE CAN DRAW HIS BLASTER, SOMETHING HUGE AND HEAVY SLAMS INTO HIS FACE...



SOMEWHERE ACROSS THE HORIZON, A CRATER SHOULDER AND STEAMS...

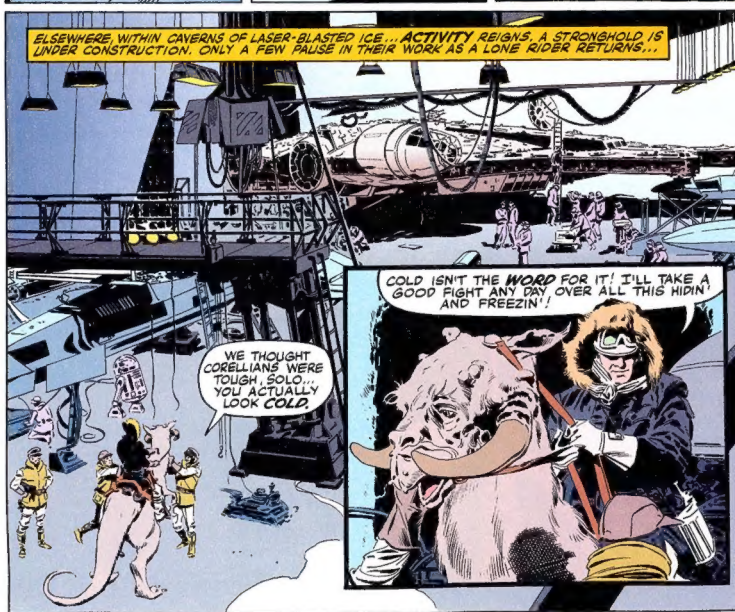


IT IS A CRATER THAT LUKE SKYWALKER WILL NOW NEVER INVESTIGATE...



...AND IT WAS *NOT* MADE BY ONE OF THE METEORITES WHICH FREQUENTLY BOMBARD THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

ELSEWHERE, WITHIN CAVERNS OF LASER-BLASTED ICE... **ACTIVITY** REIGNS. A STRONGHOLD IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION. ONLY A FEW PAUSE IN THEIR WORK AS A LONE RIDER RETURNS...



WE THOUGHT CORELLIANS WERE TOUGH, SOLO... YOU ACTUALLY LOOK COLD.

COLD ISN'T THE **WORD** FOR IT! I'LL TAKE A GOOD FIGHT ANY DAY OVER ALL THIS HIDIN' AND FREEZIN'!



HAN STRIDES PAST SNOWSPEEDERS AND X-WING FIGHTERS TO THE REAR OF THE GREAT HANGAR...WHERE A BATTERED FREIGHTER STANDS.

HEY, **CHIEWIE**! HOW'S IT COMING WITH THE **FALCON'S** LIFTERS? SOONER THEY'RE FIXED... THE SOONER WE'RE **OUT** OF HERE.

RAARRGHWH!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO REPORT... THEN GIVE YOU A HAND!

FOOTSTEPS SOUND BEHIND THE SMUGGLER PILOT...

TALKING ABOUT **LEAVING** AGAIN...? YOU'RE A GOOD MAN IN A FIGHT, SOLO. GENERAL RIEEKAN AND THE REST OF US HATE TO **LOSE** YOU.

THANKS, MAJOR. BUT THERE'S A PRICE ON MY HEAD. IF I DON'T PAY OFF JABBA THE HUTT... I'M A WALKING DEAD MAN.

YES, WE HEARD ABOUT THAT **BOUNTY HUNTER** ON ORD MANTELL. A DEATH MARK IS NOT AN EASY THING TO LIVE WITH...

GOOD LUCK, SOLO.

I GUESS THIS IS IT, YOUR HIGHNESS.

I SUPPOSE IT IS.

WELL, DON'T GO ALL **MUSHY** ON ME.

SO LONG, PRINCESS.



HAN... WAIT!
DOES... DOES
LUKE KNOW?

HE WILL WHEN HE GETS
BACK. AND DON'T GIVE ME
ANY LOOKS. EVERY DAY,
JABBA SENDS OUT MORE
REMOTES, GANK KILLERS,
AND WHO KNOWS WHAT
ELSE.

BUT... YOU'RE
A NATURAL
LEADER. WE
STILL NEED
YOU.

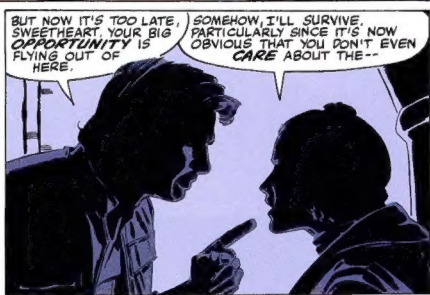
I'VE GOT TO
GET THIS PRICE
OFF MY HEAD
WHILE I STILL
HAVE ONE.

NO, YOUR
WORSHIP THAT'S
NOT WHY YOU CAME
AFTER ME I THINK
YOU WERE AFRAID
I WAS LEAVING
YOU WITHOUT
EVEN A KISS.



WHAT? I'D
JUST AS SOON
KISS A
WOOKIEE!

THERE'S NO
ACCOUNTING FOR
TASTE. BELIEVE ME,
YOU COULD *USE* A GOOD
KISS. YOU'VE BEEN SO BUSY
GIVING ORDERS, YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN HOW TO BE A
WOMAN.



BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE,
SWEETHEART. YOUR BIG
OPPORTUNITY IS
FLYING OUT OF
HERE.

SOMEHOW, I'LL SURVIVE,
PARTICULARLY SINCE IT'S NOW
OBVIOUS THAT YOU DON'T EVEN
CARE ABOUT THE--



SPARE ME ANOTHER LECTURE
ABOUT THE *REBELLION*.
IT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK
ABOUT. YOU'RE AS COLD
AS THIS PLANET.

AND
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
THE ONE TO
APPLY SOME
HEAT?



SURE, IF I WERE INTERESTED,
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'D BE
MUCH *FUN*.

WE'LL MEET
AGAIN. MAYBE BY
THEN YOU'LL HAVE
WARMED UP A
LITTLE.

YOU HAVE ALL
THE BREEDING OF
A *BANTHA*... BUT
NOT AS MUCH
CLASS! ENJOY
YOUR *TRIP*!
HOTSHOT!



LEIA ORGANA STORMS
AWAY IN THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION, NEVER HEARING
THE CRUMBLING OF AN IGY
WALL BEHIND HER...

...OR GLIMPING WHAT
CAUSES IT.

CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO LUKE SKYWALKER. BLOOD POUNDS THICKLY IN HIS HEAD. SOLID ICE BINDS HIS ANKLES. SOMETHING SHIMMERS IN HIS PAIN-WRACKED VISION, AGONIZINGLY OUT OF REACH...

L-LIGHTSABER... IF I COULD JUST REACH IT... I COULD... COULD...

CAN'T...! ONLY ABOUT A METER... MIGHT AS WELL BE... A LIGHT YEAR!

A GROWLING MOAN ECHOES OFF THE FROZEN WALLS THAT SURROUND HIM. SOMETHING IS MOVING CLOSER. HE MOMENTARILY PANICS... STRUGGLING FUTILELY. UNTIL... HE HEARS A QUIET, CALM VOICE.

LUKE, YOU MUST RELAX... THINK THE SABER INTO YOUR HAND.

LET THE FORCE FLOW, LUKE.

GOTTA RELAX... RELAX...

THE GROWL ECHOES AGAIN... NEARER, TOO NEAR. BUT THAT IS NOT IN LUKE'S MIND NOW... ONLY THE SABER. THE SABER MOVING. AND SUDDENLY...

...IT IS.

AND AS A MENACING SHADOW LOOMS... THE WARRIOR FROM TATOOINE BRINGS HIS FATHER'S LIGHTBLADE SIZZLING INTO THE ICE THAT GRIPS HIM!

LUKE FALLS, CRASHING HEAVILY INTO THE SNOW... AS SOMETHING **HUGE** RUSHES TOWARD HIM!



HE ROLLS, SLASHING OUT WITH HIS LIGHTBLADE...



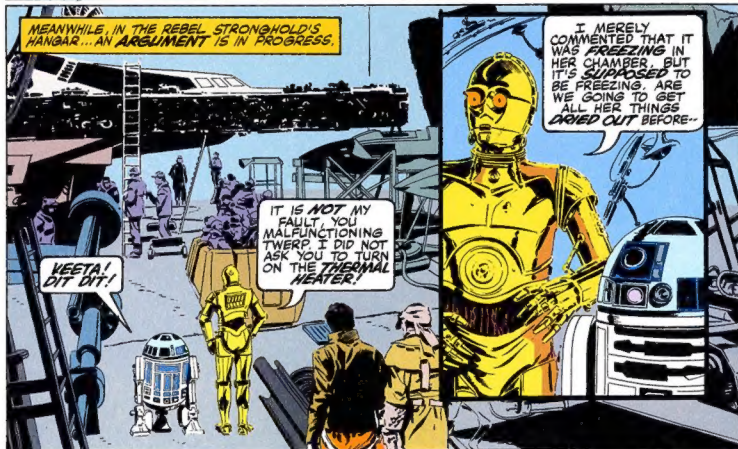
...AND A SCREAM OF PAIN FILLS THE ICY GORGE.

IT STILL ECHOES IN HIS MIND AS HE SOMEHOW STAGGERS TO SAFETY...



...LIMPING INTO THE GATHERING GRAYNESS THAT HERALDS THE APPROACH OF SUB-ZERO NIGHT ON HOTH.

MEANWHILE, IN THE REBEL STRONGHOLD'S HANGAR...AN ARGUMENT IS IN PROGRESS.

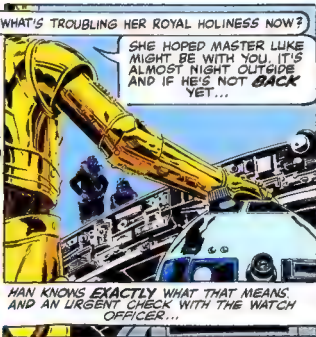


I MERELY COMMENTED THAT IT WAS FREEZING IN HER CHAMBER, BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FREEZING. ARE WE GOING TO GET ALL HER THINGS DRIED OUT BEFORE--



AH. HERE WE ARE.

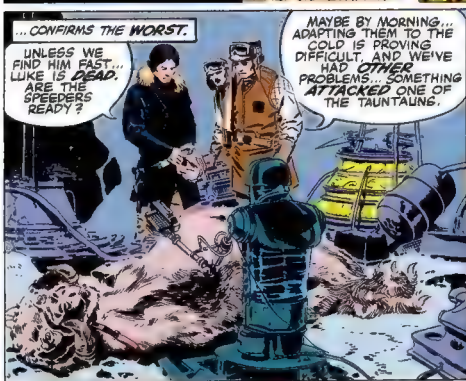
CAPTAIN SOLO, SIR? THE PRINCESS HAS BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU ON THE COMMUNICATOR. IT MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING.



I SHUT IT OFF. WHAT'S TROUBLING HER ROYAL HOLINESS NOW?

SHE HOPED MASTER LUKE MIGHT BE WITH YOU. IT'S ALMOST NIGHT OUTSIDE AND IF HE'S NOT **BACK** YET...

HAN KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT THAT MEANS AND AN URGENT CHECK WITH THE WATCH OFFICER...



... CONFIRMS THE WORST.

UNLESS WE FIND HIM FAST... LUKE IS **DEAD**. ARE THE SPEEDERS READY?

MAYBE BY MORNING... ADAPTING THEM TO THE COLD IS PROVING DIFFICULT, AND WE'VE HAD **OTHER** PROBLEMS... SOMETHING **ATTACKED** ONE OF THE TAUNTAUNGS.



RIGHT NOW I'M ONLY CONCERNED ABOUT THE KID. WE'LL HAVE TO SEND **RIDERS** OUT. I'LL TAKE SECTOR FOUR.



SOLO, THE TEMPERATURE IS FALLING TOO RAPIDLY. THE **NIGHT STORMS** WILL START BEFORE ANY OF YOU REACH THE FIRST MARKER.



THEN I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL.

IN THE FADING TWILIGHT ON HOTH'S FROZEN PLAINS... A FIGURE STAGGERS, TRYING TO STAY UPRIGHT AGAINST BLASTS OF CUTTING WIND AND SNOW, TRYING TO KEEP MOVING ON LEGS LONG NUMBED...

TRYING... AND FAILING.

C-CAN'T...
KEEP GOING...
CAN'T...

YOU **MUST**, YOUNG LUKE!
THIS WAY... LOOK AT ME.
YOU MUST SURVIVE...

B-BEN...?
I'M SO
COLD, BEN...
SO COLD...

YOU MUST GO TO THE
DAGOBAH SYSTEM.
YOU WILL LEARN FROM
YODA, THE JEDI
MASTER... THE ONE
WHO TAUGHT ME.

YOU MUST,
LUKE... YOU'RE
OUR ONLY
HOPE.

B-BENNNNNNN...!

THE VISION IS GONE, AND WITH IT, THE LAST
OF LUKE SKYWALKER'S RESISTANCE...

...EVEN AS A RIDER ON A WEARY, EXHAUSTION-SPENT TAUNTAUN APPEARS ON THE HORIZON.

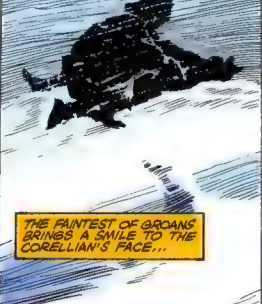


KID...?!

LEAPING FROM HIS MOUNT, HAN RUSHES TO THE UNMOVING FIGURE IN THE SNOW.



COME ON, BUDDY. GIVE ME A SIGN YOU'RE ALIVE. YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME OUT HERE ALL ALONE, WOULD YOU?



THE FAINTEST OF GROANS BRINGS A SMILE TO THE CORELLIAN'S FACE...



A SMILE THAT SWIFTLY FADES AS HE TURNS TO FIND...

COLD'S FINISHED MY TAUNTAUN! LET'S GO, KID... WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME.

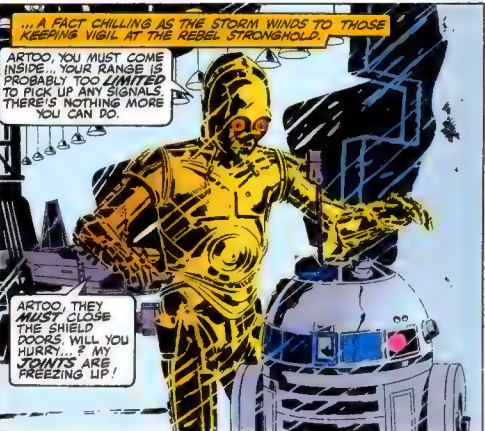


BLASTED COMLINK IS USELESS IN THIS STORM!

IF I DON'T GET SOME SHELTER UP FAST... JABBA THE HUTT WON'T NEED THOSE BOUNTY HUNTERS!



AND AS HAN STRUGGLES TO PULL EQUIPMENT FROM THE DEAD ANIMAL'S PACK, NIGHT IN ALL ITS FIERCENESS COMES TO NOTH...



...A FACT CHILLING AS THE STORM WINDS TO THOSE KEEPING VIGIL AT THE REBEL STRONGHOLD.

ARTOO, YOU MUST COME INSIDE... YOUR RANGE IS PROBABLY TOO LIMITED TO PICK UP ANY SIGNALS. THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO.

ARTOO, THEY MUST CLOSE THE SHIELD DOORS. WILL YOU HURRY...? MY JOINTS ARE FREEZING UP!

ALL PATROLS ARE NOW IN, YOUR HIGHNESS... EXCEPT SOLO AND SKYWALKER. I'M SORRY... THE SPEEDERS SHOULD BE READY AT DAWN. THEY'LL MAKE THE SEARCH EASIER.

IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF THEIR SURVIVING UNTIL MORNING, MAJOR DERLIN?

ARTOO HAS ALREADY COMPUTED IT, YOUR MAJESTY. HE SAYS THE CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE 725 TO 1.

ACTUALLY, ARTOO, I DON'T THINK WE NEEDED TO KNOW THAT.

MORNING! AN ALLIANCE SNOWSPEEDER STREAKS ACROSS THE BLEAK LANDSCAPE...

ECHO BASE... THIS IS ROGUE TWO. DO YOU COPY? OVER.

READ YOU CLEAR, ROGUE TWO. HAVE YOU GOT SOMETHING? OVER.

NOT MUCH, ECHO BASE. READINGS ARE FAINT... BUT IT COULD BE **LIFE FORMS**. I'M SWITCHING TO A MORE LOCALIZED BAND TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP ANY--

NICE OF YOU GUYS TO DROP BY. HOPE WE DIDN'T GET YOU UP TOO EARLY.

ECHO BASE... THIS IS ROGUE TWO. I FOUND THEM. REPEAT. I **FOUND** THEM.

WITHIN THE HOUR, LUKE SKYWALKER IS IN THE BASE MEDICAL CENTER, DRIFTING IN DELIRIUM AS TREATMENT BEGINS...

WATCH OUT...! SNOW CREATURES... DANGER-
OUS...! YODA... GO TO
YODA... ONLY HOPE...

MASTER LUKE SOUNDS SOMEWHAT GARBLED. I DO HOPE HE'S ALL THERE... IF YOU TAKE MY MEANING, IT WOULD BE MOST UNFORTUNATE IF HE HAD DEVELOPED A SHORT CIRCUIT.

THE KID
RAN INTO
SOMETHING
MEAN... AND
IT WASN'T
THE COLD

IS HE GOING
TO BE **ALL**
RIGHT TOO-
ONEBEE?

THE SURGEON DROID TURNS HIS PHOTORECEPTORS ON THE CONCERNED TRIO BEYOND THE VIEW-WALL...

COMMANDER SKYWALKER HAS BEEN IN DORMO-SHOCK... BUT IS RESPONDING WELL TO THE BACTA. HE IS PRESENTLY OUT OF DANGER.

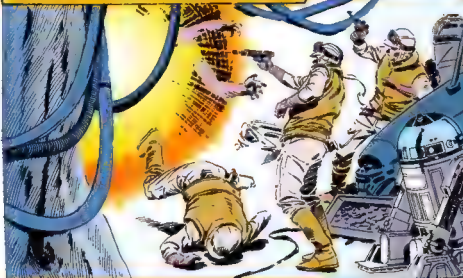
HAN, IF YOU HADN'T FOUND HIM...! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--

FORGET IT. WE'D BETTER LEARN WHAT ATTACKED HIM... IF THIS SNOWBALL'S GOT NASTY NATIVES, THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE.

AN OBSERVATION ABOUT TO BE PROVEN ABSOLUTELY VALID. FOR AS A CERTAIN R2-D2 UNIT MOVES ALONG ONE OF THE STRONGHOLD'S CORRIDORS...

FREETA-DOOOOOOP!

ARTOO'S ELECTRONIC SHRIEK BRINGS REBEL GUARDS RUNNING, SWIFTLY, SUDDENLY... WHAT WAS ONCE A CORRIDOR BECOMES A BATTLEGROUND!



SHORTLY, AT THE BASE COMMAND CENTER...

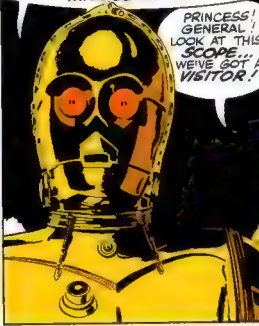
...STUN BLASTS FINALLY STOPPED IT, YOUR HIGHNESS EVOLVING IN HOTH'S EXTREME COLD HAS GIVEN IT SUB-NORMAL LIFE FUNCTIONS... WE'VE HAD TO ADJUST OUR SENSORS TO PTECT THEM.

ALL UNEXPLORED CAVE AREAS SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY **SCANNED**. GENERAL RIEKAN... THOUGH I'M NOT SURE I'M GOING TO BE HAPPY KNOWING HOW **MANY** THERE ARE!



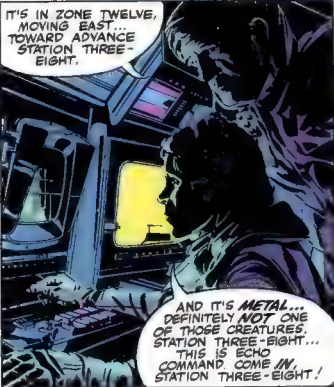
SECURITY CONTROL... THIS IS SECTION J! ALERT ALL INTERIOR PATROLS. ALERT ALL PATROLS!

OF COURSE, ARTOO WOULD BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS!



PRINCESS! GENERAL! LOOK AT THIS **SCOPE**... WE'VE GOT A VISITOR!

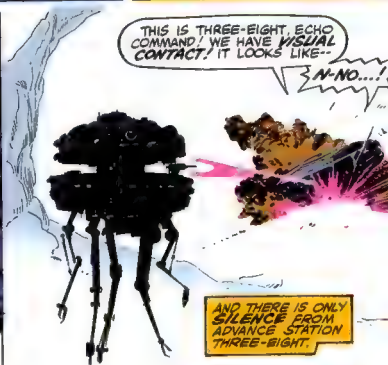
IT'S IN ZONE TWELVE, MOVING EAST... TOWARD ADVANCE STATION THREE-EIGHT.



AND IT'S **METAL**... DEFINITELY **NOT** ONE OF THOSE CREATURES. STATION THREE-EIGHT... THIS IS ECHO COMMAND. COME IN, STATION THREE-EIGHT!

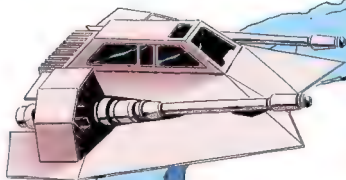
THIS IS THREE-EIGHT, ECHO COMMAND! WE HAVE **VISUAL CONTACT**! IT LOOKS LIKE--

A-NO...



AND THERE IS ONLY **SILENCE** FROM ADVANCE STATION THREE-EIGHT.

IMMEDIATELY... A
SNOWSPEEDER
PATROL MOVES OUT
TO INVESTIGATE.



BUT AS THE LEAD
CRAFT PEELS OFF
TOWARD ITS
ASSIGNED SECTOR...

...IT IS
CAREFULLY
TRACKED!

AND AS THE ISOLATED SPEEDER
COMES TO A STOP BEHIND A
DISTANT RIDGE, THE OMINOUS
TRACKER STALKS FORWARD...



...CIRCUITRY
BUZZING WITH AN
AWARENESS THAT
OUT OF THE
HALTED VEHICLE...
LIFE WILL
EMERGE.

WAAARK!

AND THAT LIFE WILL BE AN EASY, CERTAIN
TARGET!



THEN JUST A FRACTION OF AN INSTANT TOO LATE, ITS SENSORS REGISTER THAT THE TARGET...

BA-WOM!

...IS ALSO A DECOY!

...I DIDN'T HIT IT THAT HARD MUST'VE HAD SOME KIND'A SELF-DESTRUCT. DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH TO IDENTIFY.

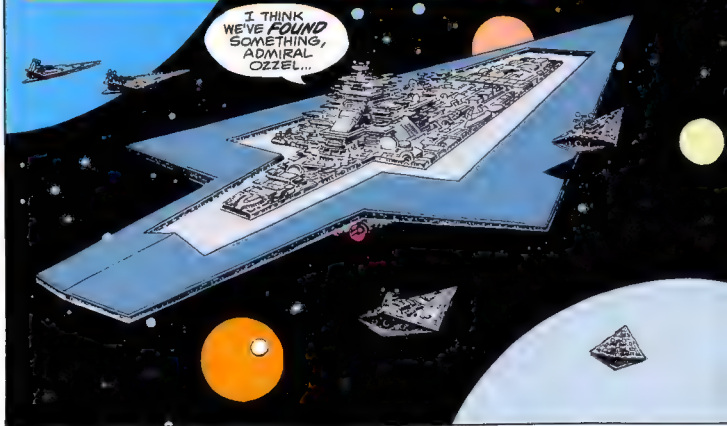
AN IMPERIAL PROBE DROID!

HEY, C'MON. LET'S NOT PANIC. WE DON'T KNOW THAT.

BUT WE DON'T KNOW THAT IT WASN'T.

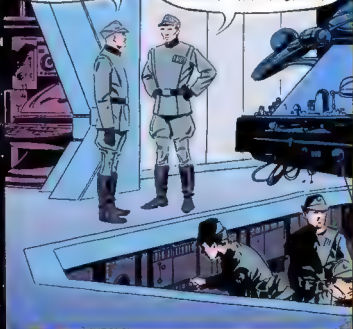
SOMEWHERE IN DEEP SPACE, THE FLEET HOVERS, WAITING, WAITING FOR A HINT, A CLUE, UNTIL, ABOARD THE HULKING, OMINOUS CRUISER THAT LOOMS LARGER THAN EVEN THE SURROUNDING STAR DESTROYERS...

I THINK WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING, ADMIRAL OZZEL...



THE REPORT WE HAVE IS ONLY A **FRAGMENT**... FROM A PROBE DROID IN THE HOTH SYSTEM, SIR. BUT IT'S THE BEST LEAD WE'VE HAD IN--

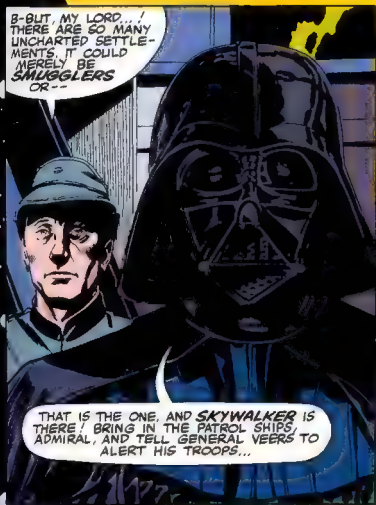
WE'VE **THOUSANDS** OF PROBE DROIDS SEARCHING THE GALAXY, CAPTAIN PIETT... I WANT **PROOF**, NOT LEADS! I DON'T INTEND TO CONTINUE CHASING ENDLESSLY AROUND THE COSMOS.



THE **HOTH** SYSTEM. THAT'S IT.



B-BUT, MY LORD... THERE ARE SO MANY UNCHARTED SETTLEMENTS. IT COULD MERELY BE **SMUGGLERS** OR--



THAT IS THE ONE, AND **SKYWALKER** IS THERE! BRING IN THE PATROL SHIPS! ADMIRAL, AND TELL GENERAL VEERS TO ALERT HIS TROOPS...

...WE'RE PROCEEDING TO THE HOTH SYSTEM. **FULL SPEED!**





WITH THE DESTRUCTION
OF THEIR DEATH STAR, THE EMPEROR'S
FORCES TIGHTEN THE REINS OF
TYRANNY THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
MEANWHILE, ON THE FROZEN PLANET
OF HOTH, PRINCESS LEIA AND HER
FREEDOM FIGHTERS STRUGGLE TO KEEP
THE REBELLION GROWING, AS LUKE FALLS VICTIM
TO ONE OF THE WORLD'S ICE MONSTERS AND
THEIR NEWLY ESTABLISHED BASE IS MENACED
BY AN IMPERIAL PROBE DROID...



ALARMS SOUND AT REGULAR INTERVALS THROUGHOUT THE LASER-BLASTED WALLS OF THE REBEL STRONGHOLD. EVERYWHERE THERE IS THE ECHO OF TROOPS, DROIDS, AND TRANSPORT SPEEDERS ON THE MOVE.

A FULL-SCALE **ALERT** IS IN EFFECT.

IN JUST A FEW DAYS' TIME, TWO THREATS TO THE ALLIANCE PRESENCE ON HOTH HAVE ARISEN, AND AT THIS MOMENT, AFTER CONSIDERABLE STRUGGLE...

...ONLY ONE CAN BE CONSIDERED UNDER CONTROL...

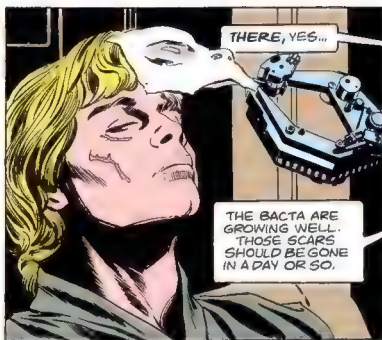
JUST LISTEN TO THOSE ICE CREATURES HOWL, ARTOO! SEE HOW YOUR CHIRPS AND WHISTLES UPSET THEM?

THEY'RE ALL BEING ENTICED INTO THE TRAP BY HIGH-PITCHED SOUNDS. AND IF THAT SATISFIES YOUR MORBID CURIOSITY... WE WERE ON THE WAY TO THE MEDICAL CENTER...



WHERE...

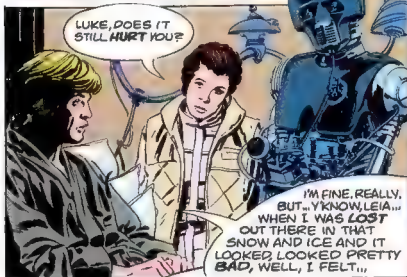
HOLD STILL FOR
ONE MOMENT,
COMMANDER
SKYWALKER...



THERE, YES...

THE BACTA ARE
GROWING WELL.
THOSE SCARS
SHOULD BE GONE
IN A DAY OR SO.

THE SURGEON DROID TOO-ONEBEE, SLIDES BACK,
AND LEIA ORGANA MOVES FORWARD
WITH COMPASSION AND CONCERN.
AND PERHAPS, SOMETHING MORE.



LUKE, DOES IT
STILL HURT YOU?

I'M FINE, REALLY.
BUT... Y'KNOW, LEIA...
WHEN I WAS LOST
OUT THERE IN THAT
SNOW AND ICE AND IT
LOOKED, LOOKED PRETTY
BAD, WELL, I FELT...



I FELT
AFRAID FOR
YOU...



LEIA, I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO
SAY THIS. BUT YOU **MUST** KNOW THAT
YOU... WELL... YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE I... I...

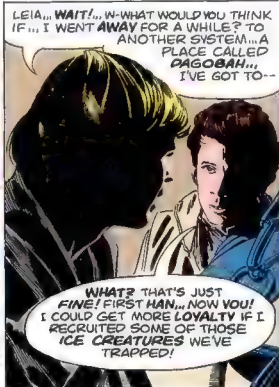
UNCERTAIN, BUT DRAWN BY THE
MOMENT, THE PRINCESS LEANS
CLOSE TO THE YOUNG REBEL
HERO...



MASTER LUKE! IT'S
SO GOOD TO SEE YOU
FUNCTIONAL AGAIN!

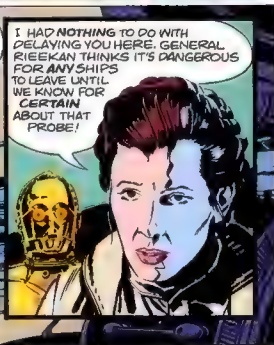
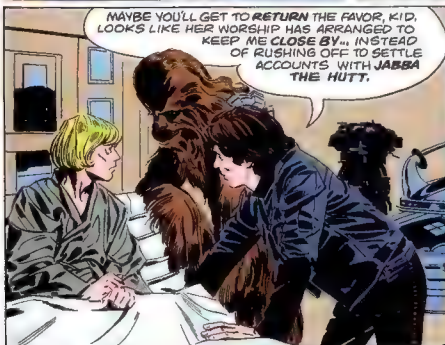
VA-DOOT BIP!

AND THE MOMENT PASSES THE ONE-
TIME SENATOR FROM ALDERAAN TURNS
TO LEAVE...



LEIA... WAIT!... W-WHAT WOULD YOU THINK
IF... I WENT AWAY FOR A WHILE? TO
ANOTHER SYSTEM... A
PLACE CALLED
DAGOBAH...
I'VE GOT TO--

WHAT? THAT'S JUST
FINE! FIRST HAN... NOW YOU!
I COULD GET MORE LOYALTY IF I
RECRUITED SOME OF THOSE
ICE CREATURES WE'VE
TRAPPED!





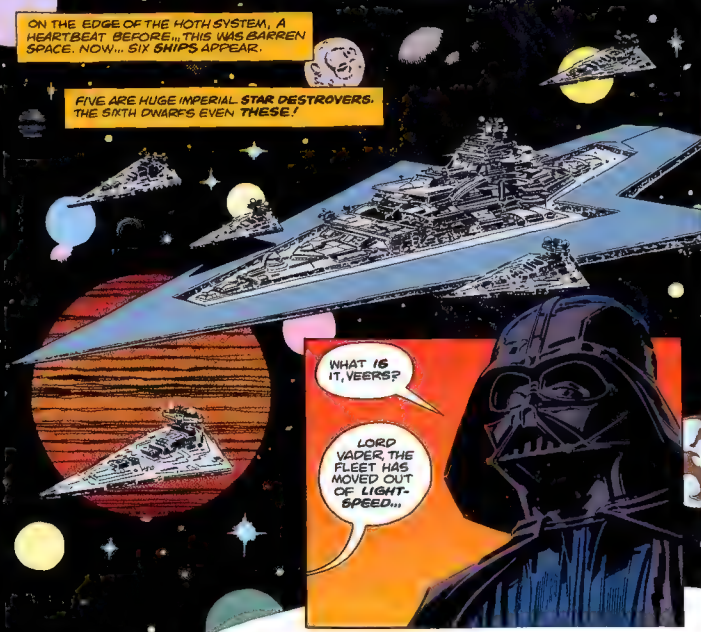
FOR AN INSTANT, THERE IS HURT IN LEIA ORGANA'S EYES. THEN SHE BECOMES THE PRINCESS AND ALLIANCE LEADER AGAIN. COOL...

...DEFIANT.



I GUESS NEITHER OF YOU UNDERSTANDS EVERYTHING ABOUT WOMEN...

DO YOU?!



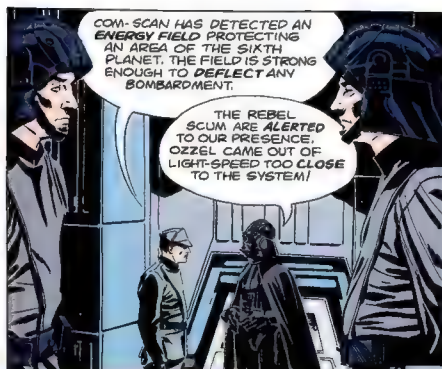
ON THE EDGE OF THE HOTH SYSTEM, A HEARTBEAT BEFORE... THIS WAS BARREN SPACE. NOW... SIX SHIPS APPEAR.

FIVE ARE HUGE IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYERS. THE SIXTH DWARFS EVEN THESE!



WHAT IS IT, VEERS?

LORD VADER, THE FLEET HAS MOVED OUT OF LIGHT-SPEED...

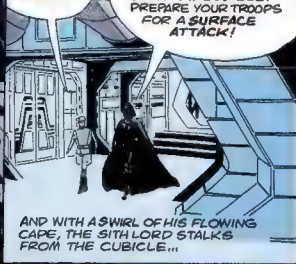


COM-SCAN HAS DETECTED AN ENERGY FIELD PROTECTING AN AREA OF THE SIXTH PLANET. THE FIELD IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DEFLECT ANY BOMBARDMENT.

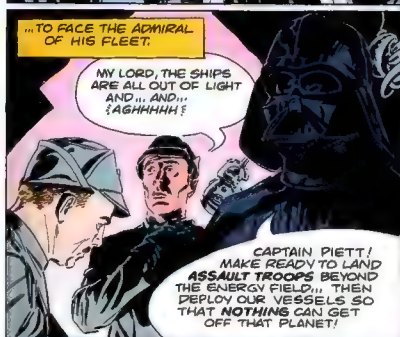
THE REBEL SCUM ARE ALERTED TO OUR PRESENCE. OZZEL CAME OUT OF LIGHT-SPEED TOO CLOSE TO THE SYSTEM!

HE FELT SURPRISE WAS A WISER--

HE IS AS CLUMSY AS HE IS STUPID! A CLEAN BOMBARDMENT IS NOW IMPOSSIBLE! PREPARE YOUR TROOPS FOR A SURFACE ATTACK!



AND WITH A SWIRL OF HIS FLOWING CAPE, THE SITH LORD STALKS FROM THE CUBICLE...



...TO FACE THE ADMIRAL OF HIS FLEET.

MY LORD, THE SHIPS ARE ALL OUT OF LIGHT AND... AND...
?AGHHHHH?

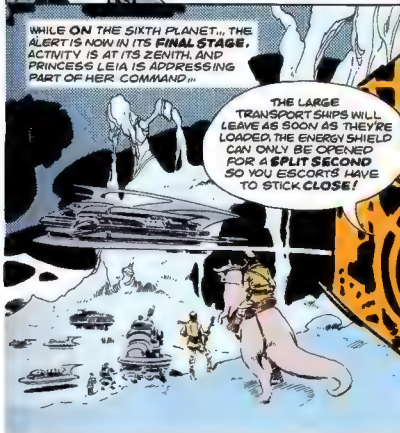
CAPTAIN PIETT!
MAKE READY TO LAND ASSAULT TROOPS BEYOND THE ENERGY FIELD!!! THEN DEPLOY OUR VESSELS SO THAT NOTHING CAN GET OFF THAT PLANET!



CHOKING...GASPING...
THE IMPERIAL OFFICER FALLS!

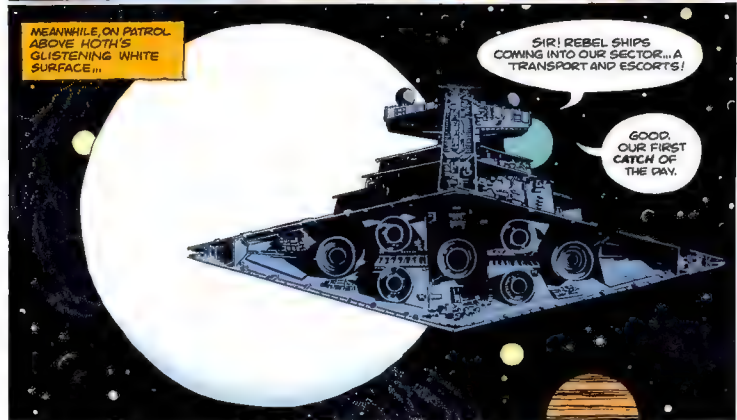
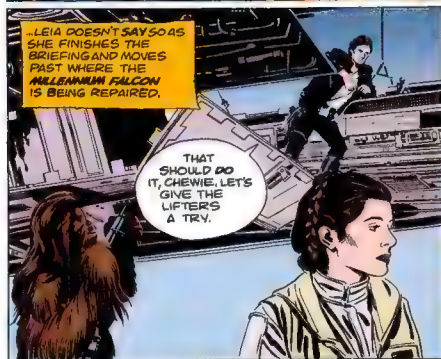
SWIFTLY! YOU'RE IN COMMAND NOW!

--ADMIRAL PIETT!



WHILE ON THE SIXTH PLANET... THE ALERT IS NOW IN ITS FINAL STAGE. ACTIVITY IS AT ITS ZENITH, AND PRINCESS LEIA IS ADDRESSING PART OF HER COMMAND...

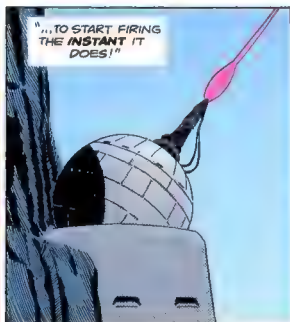
THE LARGE TRANSPORT SHIPS WILL LEAVE AS SOON AS THEY'RE LOADED. THE ENERGY SHIELD CAN ONLY BE OPENED FOR A SPLIT SECOND SO YOU ESCORTS HAVE TO STICK CLOSE!





ECHO C-130 IS APPROACHING THE SHIELD, GENERAL RIEEKAN.

STAND BY TO OPEN IT, AND SIGNAL ION CONTROL--



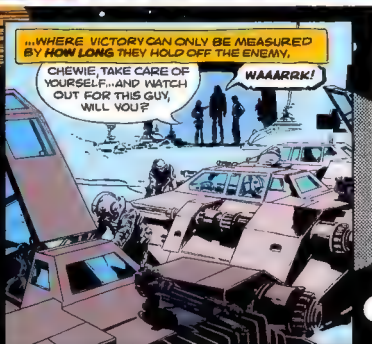
"...TO START FIRING THE **INSTANT** IT DOES!"

AND FROM THE GIANT WEAPON, CRIMSON ENERGY BOLTS BLAST SPACEWARD...



...STREAKING AHEAD OF TRANSPORT AND FIGHTERS TO STRIKE ON TARGET!

CHEERS FILL THE ALLIANCE CENTER BELOW, STILL, ALL REALIZE THIS IS ONLY THE OPENING ROUND IN A DESPERATELY ONE-SIDED BATTLE...



...WHERE VICTORY CAN ONLY BE MEASURED BY HOW LONG THEY HOLD OFF THE ENEMY,

CHEWIE, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF...AND WATCH OUT FOR THIS GUY, WILL YOU?

WAAARRK!



HAN, I HOPE YOU MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH JABBA...EVEN IF IT DOES THROW HALF THE GALAXY'S BOUNTY HUNTERS OUT OF WORK.

GIVE 'EM HELL, KID!

LUKE STARES AT HIS FRIEND AND RIVAL. THERE SEEMS TO BE MORE THAT EACH WANTS TO SAY, SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE FATE THREW THEM TOGETHER IN THE CANTINA AT MOS EISLEY SO LONG AGO, THEN...

ATTENTION! ALL SPEEDER PILOTS TO YOUR CRAFTS! ON WITHDRAW SIGNAL... ASSEMBLE AT SOUTH SLOPE. YOUR FIGHTERS WILL BE WAITING WHEN EVACUATION IS COMPLETE.

AND THERE IS ONLY TIME FOR LUKE TO RUSH ACROSS THE HANGAR...

...TO JOIN HIS GUNNER, DACK.

EVERYTHING OKAY...?

GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK AND WELL, SIR... NOW I FEEL LIKE WE CAN TAKE ON THE WHOLE EMPIRE!

YEAH... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

WHY IS IT WHEN THINGS SEEM TO GET SETTLED... EVERYTHING FALLS APART? TAKE GOOD CARE OF MASTER LUKE WHEN HE JOINS YOU AT HIS FIGHTER... AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF, TOO!

VOOOO DOOP!

OUTSIDE, THE ALLIANCE GROUND DEFENSES PREPARE FOR THE INEVITABLE...

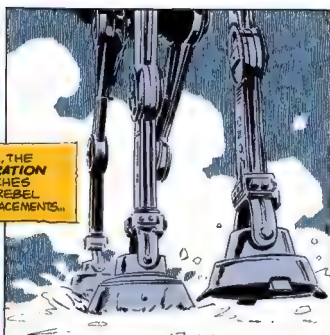
OUR POWER GENERATOR WILL BE THEIR PRIME OBJECTIVE, SO--

WAIT! OUT ON THE HORIZON... IT LOOKS LIKE...

AT FIRST, EVEN THROUGH
THE MACROBINOCULARS
THEY ARE FAINT...TINY...

THEN, THE
VIBRATION
REACHES
THE REBEL
EMPLACEMENTS...

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...THE VIBRATION OF SOMETHING
MASSIVE STRIKING THE GROUND!



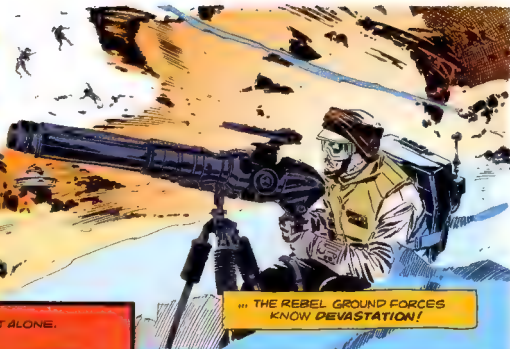
POINT RIDER FIVE
TO ECHO DEFENSE!
ENEMY CONTACT!
**ENEMY
CONTACT!**

**IMPERIAL
WALKERS
ADVANCING
ON YOUR
POSITION!**

ADVANCING...
AND FIRING!



AND BEFORE THE GUNS
OF THESE LUMBERING,
AWKWARD-SEEMING
BEHEMOTHS...



... THE REBEL GROUND FORCES
KNOW DEVASTATION!

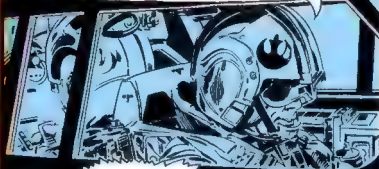
STILL... THEY DO NOT FIGHT ALONE.

ROGUE LEADER
TO ROGUE THREE!
DO YOU COPY?
OVER.

ROGER, LUKE.
LOOKS LIKE NO
TROUBLE FINDING
OUR TARGETS.



SPLIT YOUR SQUAD INTO PAIRS, WEDGE...
WE'LL TRY TO RETURN SOME OF WHAT THOSE
MONSTERS ARE HANDING OUT!

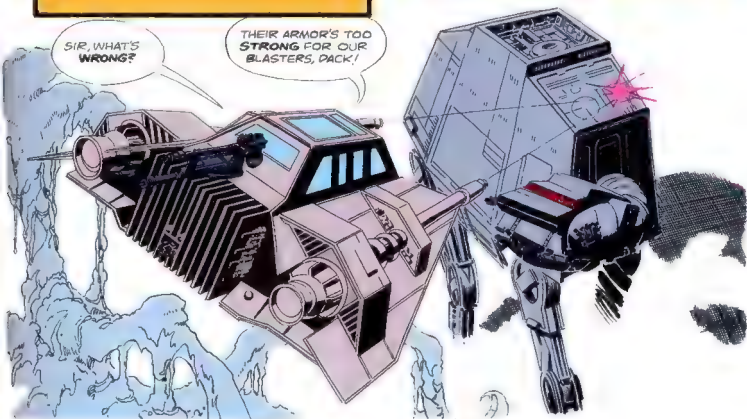


SURE! IF THE
DEATH STAR DIDN'T
STOP YOU AN' ME...
WHAT CAN THESE
THINGS DO?

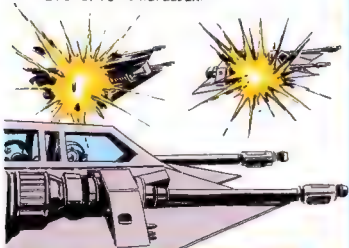
BUT AS LUKE
DIVES IN ATTACK...

SIR, WHAT'S
WRONG?

THEIR ARMOR'S TOO
STRONG FOR OUR
BLASTERS, DACK!



A SITUATION RAPIDLY EXPERIENCED
BY EVERY SNOWSPEEDER...



FOR MANY...THE EXPERIENCE IS FATAL.



NO BETTER
LUCK WITH MY
GUNS, SIR!

WE'VE GOT
TO CHANGE
TACTICS, DACK.
ONCE WE'RE IN THE
CLEAR I'VE GOT AN
IDEA WHAT TO--

BUT AS THE SNOWSPEEDER SOARS
FROM THE STRIDING MECHANICAL GIANT...

WE'VE TAKEN A HIT!
DACK, WHAT'S THE
DAMAGE BACK
THERE?



DACK...?!

THE RELENTLESS ENEMY
BARRAGE IS FELT EVERY-
WHERE...INCLUDING THE
ALLIANCE STRONGHOLD'S
ALMOST DESERTED
HANGAR.

FIRST CHANCE
WE GET...WE'RE GIVING
THIS CRATE A COMPLETE
OVERHAUL, BUT UNDER
THE CIRCUMSTANCES,
PAL... THAT WELD'S
TIGHT ENOUGH.

IN FACT, I'D
BET IT'S GONNA
HOLD A LOT
LONGER THAN
THIS JOINT'S
CEILING!



IN THE COMMAND CENTER, THINGS LOOK NO BETTER.



I'M NOT SURE WE CAN PROTECT TWO TRANSPORTS AT A TIME, PRINCESS.

IT'S RISKY, GENERAL RIEEKAN... BUT OUR HOLDING ACTION IS FALTERING.



PROCEED WITH ACCELERATED DEPARTURES... AND BEGIN CLEARING THE REMAINING GROUND STAFF.

LEIA GIVES THE ORDER WITH FINALITY, HIDING ALL REGRET AND CONCERN AS NEARBY, LUKE SKYWALKER'S VOICE CRACKLES ON ONE OF THE COMLINKS.



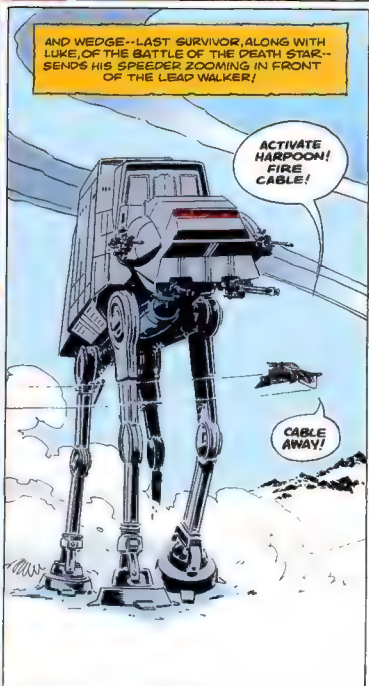
I'M STILL FLYING, ROGUE GROUP... BUT THEY GOT BACK!

USE YOUR HARPOONS AND TOW CABLES... GO FOR THEIR LEGS!

IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF STOPPING THEM!..



READ YOU CLEAR, ROGUE LEADER, THIS IS ROGUE THREE... GOING IN!



AND WEDGE--LAST SURVIVOR, ALONG WITH LUKE, OF THE BATTLE OF THE DEATH STAR-- SENDS HIS SPEEDER ZOOMING IN FRONT OF THE LEAD WALKER!

ACTIVATE HARPOON! FIRE CABLE!

CABLE AWAY!

AS OTHER SPEEDERS DRAW FIRE... ROGUE THREE WEAVES AND BANKS AROUND THE MASSIVE WAR MACHINE'S RELENTLESSLY MARCHING LEGS... UNTIL...

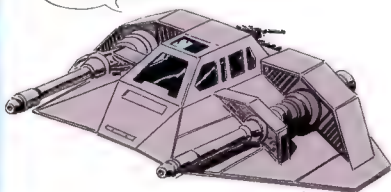
HIT THE CABLE RELEASE!

AGAINST THE TANGLE BINDING ITS FORWARD MOTION, THE IRON COLOSSUS STAGGERS ...

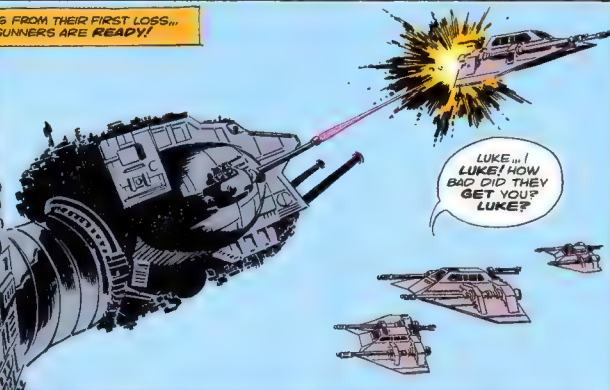
... AND FALLS!

EEEEYAHNN!

THAT'S ONE DOWN, LUKE!



BUT SMARTING FROM THEIR FIRST LOSS...
THE WALKER GUNNERS ARE READY!



ROGUE LEADER DOESN'T ANSWER, AND HIS
SPEEDER WHEELS OVER WILDLY IN THE
COLD BLUE SKY OF HOTH...

...TO GO SKIPPING AND PLOWING ONTO
THE FROZEN PLAIN FAR, FAR BELOW!

FOR LONG MOMENTS, LUKE IS TOO STUNNED TO MOVE. UNTIL A CHILLING VIBRATION SHAKES THE WRECKAGE OF HIS CRAFT...



STILL IN ONE PIECE... ALL THIS *SNOW* LESSENED THE IMPACT, B- BUT... GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...

SOMETHING'S COMING...



WITHIN HIS WALKER, GENERAL VEERS SMILES. THE REBEL DEFENSE AND EVACUATION ARE ABOUT TO CRUMBLE...

WE ARE AT POINT B.Z. 5, SIR... COMING WITHIN RANGE OF THEIR POWER GENERATOR.

INCREASE SPEED--

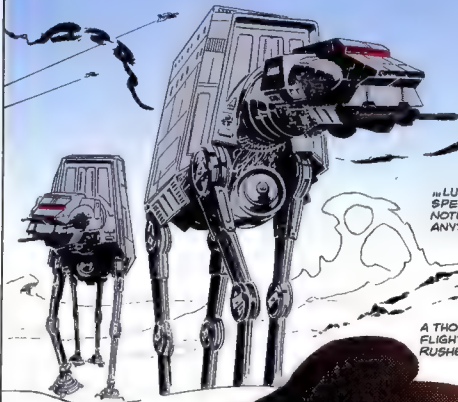


--AND CRUSH ANYTHING THAT GETS IN OUR WAY!





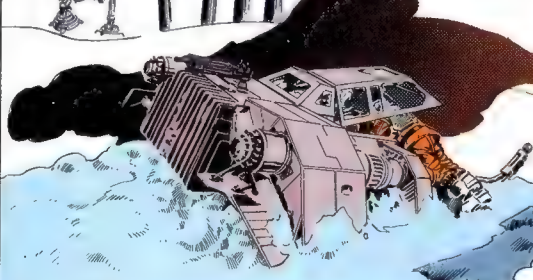
DARTH VADER HAS STRUCK!
THE REBEL FORCES ON THE ICE
PLANET OF HOTH MAKE A GALLANT
LAST DEFENSE AS THE SITH LORD'S
IMPERIAL TROOPS SWARM TOWARD
THEIR STRONGHOLD, DETERMINED
TO CUT OFF ANY ESCAPE.



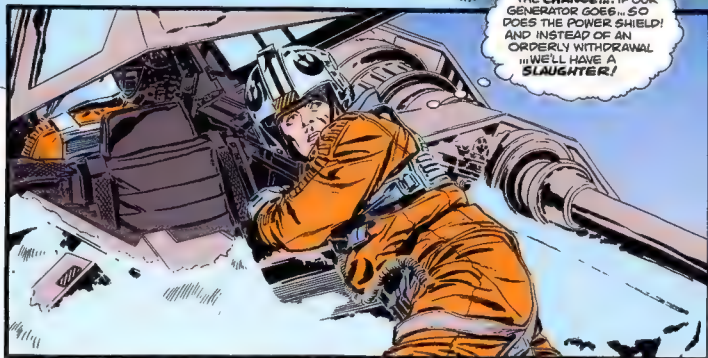
THUNDER ECHOES ON THE FROZEN
PLAIN BEFORE THE ALLIANCE BASE...
AS THE EMPIRE'S MONSTROUS
MECHANIZED WAR MACHINES MOVE
RELENTLESSLY FORWARD, THEIR
GOAL IS THE REBEL POWER
GENERATOR...

...LUKE SKYWALKER AND HIS DOWNED SNOW-
SPEEDER ARE SCARCELY WORTH THEIR
NOTICE, SMALL CONSOLATION... SINCE
ANYTHING IN THEIR COURSE WILL BE GROUND
UNDERFOOT REGARDLESS!

A THOUGHT VERY MUCH IN THE YOUNG
FLIGHT COMMANDER'S MIND AS HE SUDDENLY
RUSHES BACK TO HIS WRECKED CRAFT.

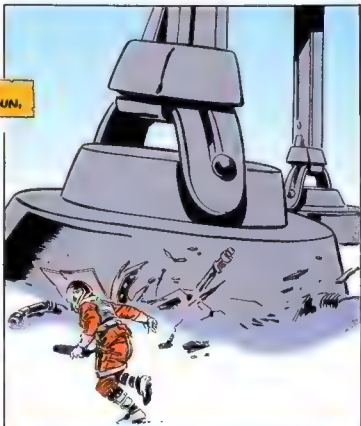


GOT TO TAKE
THE CHANCE... IF OUR
GENERATOR GOES... SO
DOES THE POWER SHIELD!
AND INSTEAD OF AN
ORDERLY WITHDRAWAL
...WE'LL HAVE A
SLAUGHTER!



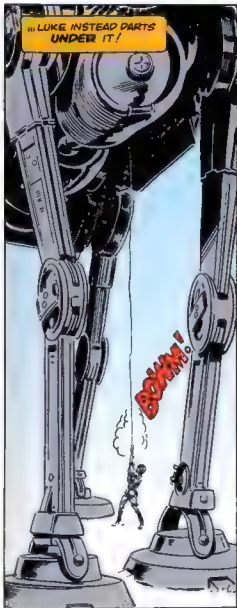
FIGHTING TO KEEP HIS BALANCE AS THE GROUND SHAKES BENEATH HIM, LUKE TURNS FROM THE COCKPIT WITH TWO OBJECTS...

... ONE IS A HARPOON GUN,

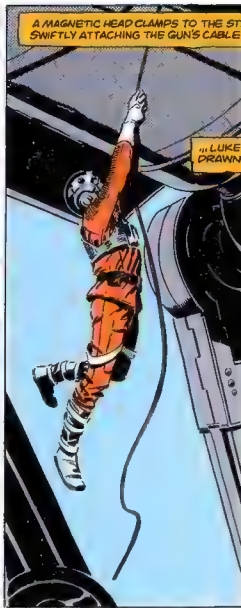


AND AS EVERY INSTINCT SCREAMS TO FLEE AWAY FROM THE GIANT SNOW WALKER...

... LUKE INSTEAD PARTS UNDER IT!



A MAGNETIC HEAD CLAMPS TO THE STRIDING MACHINE'S STEEL UNDERBELLY, SWIFTLY ATTACHING THE GUN'S CABLE DRUM TO HIS EQUIPMENT BELT...



... LUKE IS DRAWN UP...



... UP, UNTIL...

...HE CAN USE HIS LASER BLADE TO SLICE OPEN A SMALL HATCH AND INSERT THE **SECOND OBJECT** TAKEN FROM HIS SPEEDER...



...A CONCUSSION CHARGE!

NOT A MOMENT TO SPARE FOR NICETIES LIKE SLIDING BACK DOWN...!

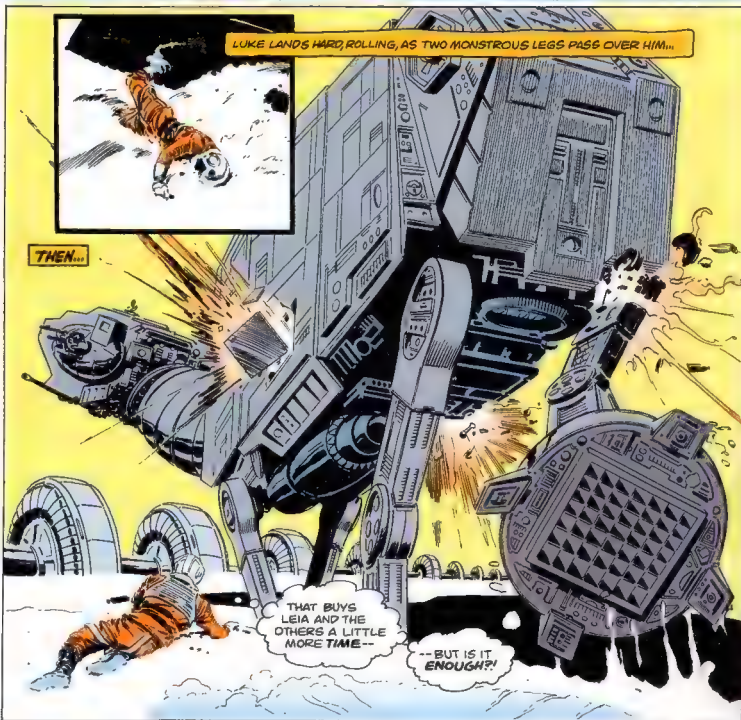


DROPPING THOSE CHARGES FROM OUR SPEEDERS, THEY COULDN'T CRACK THE WALKER'S PROTECTIVE ARMOR. BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT ONE INSIDE...

LUKE LANDS HARD, ROLLING, AS TWO MONSTROUS LEGS PASS OVER HIM...

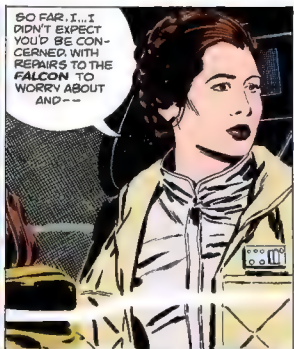


THEN...



THAT BUYS LEIA AND THE OTHERS A LITTLE MORE TIME--

--BUT IS IT ENOUGH?!



BETTER FORGET THE **TRANSPORT**,
YOUR ROYALNESS... WERE CUT OFF
FROM REACHING IT BUT **GOOD!**

FEELS LIKE
THEY NAILED THE
MAIN GENERATOR!!!
NO MORE **SHIELD!**
IMPERIALS CAN LAND
AT WILL... THEY'RE GONNA
SWARM IN HERE LIKE
FLIES AROUND A
BANTHA!

RETURNING TO THE
COMMAND CENTER IS
OUT OF THE QUESTION
NOW. ANY **IDEAS**,
FLYBOY?

IF WE'RE
LUCKY... WE
CAN STILL MAKE
IT TO THE
FALCON!

AND AT THE STRONGHOLD'S MAIN
HANGAR, AN ANXIOUSLY PACING
WOOKIEE IS THINKING THE SAME
THING... AS THE CAVERN CRUM-
BLES MORE UNDER THE
EMPIRE'S MOUNTING ASSAULT!

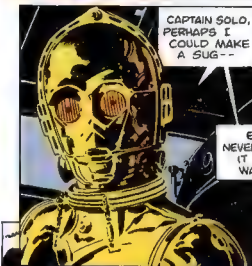
THEN...

AWWRK?

IT'S US ALL RIGHT, YOU BIG
FURBALL! START CRANKIN' HER
UP.. I WANNA SET SOME KINDA'
RECORD FOR FAST TAKE OFFS!

THERE IS GOOD REASON FOR HASTE. SOMEWHERE
BEHIND THEM, THE LAST DEFENSES **FALL**
BEFORE ADVANCING STORMTROOPERS...

NOW JOINED **PERSONALLY** BY THEIR
SUPREME COMMANDER.





I'LL BE SURPRISED IF WE START MOVING!

CHEWIE, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SWITCH OVER TO AUXILIARY AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!



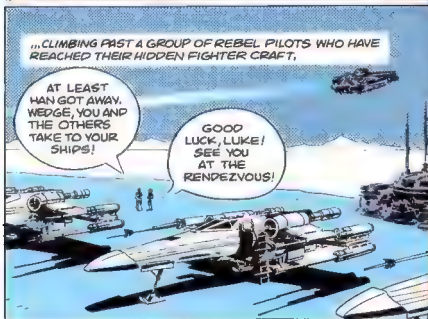
SOMEDAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE WRONG AND I HOPE I'M THERE TO SEE IT.

PUNCH IT, CHEWIE!



THE ICE CAVERN EXPLODES WITH THE SOUND OF THE **MILLENNIUM FALCON'S** MAIN ENGINES, AND AS IMPERIAL TROOPS REEL FROM THE CONCUSSION...

...THE SMUGGLING CRAFT SOARS CLEAR!
CLIMBING TOWARD THE SKIES...



...CLIMBING PAST A GROUP OF REBEL PILOTS WHO HAVE REACHED THEIR HIDDEN FIGHTER CRAFT,

AT LEAST HAN GOT AWAY. WEDGE, YOU AND THE OTHERS TAKE TO YOUR SHIPS!

GOOD LUCK, LUKE! SEE YOU AT THE RENDEZVOUS!

FROM THE DIRECTION OF HIS OWN X-WING COMES A NAGGING ELECTRONIC BLEEP...

ACTIVATE THE POWER AND STOP WORRYING, ARTOO, WE'LL SOON BE AIRBORNE.

BUT AS THE **FALCON** BECOMES A TWINKLE IN HOTH'S COLD BLUE SKY, LUKE WONDERS WHEN HE'LL SEE HIS FRIENDS AGAIN. FOR HIS RENDEZVOUS WILL **NOT** BE THE ONE DETERMINED BY THE REBEL ALLIANCE.

WITH LUKE SKYWALKER'S DEPARTURE... THE ICE PLANET IS LEFT TO ITS CONQUERORS.

SEVENTEEN SHIPS DESTROYED, LORD VADER. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY GOT AWAY.

BUT THE FLEET'S TRACKING SCANNERS ARE ON THE **MILLENNIUM FALCON**.

I WANT THAT SHIP!

AND THOSE CHARGED WITH MAINTAINING THE IMPERIAL BLOCKADE ARE STRIVING TO SEE THAT THE SITH LORD IS NOT DISAPPOINTED!

WARRWK!

I KNOW, I KNOW, CHEWIE! TWO **STAR DESTROYERS** HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR US... AN' WE STILL GOT THE **OTHER** ONE AND ITS **TIE FIGHTERS** ON OUR TAIL!

I'M GLAD YOU SAID THERE'D BE NO PROBLEM, HOT-SHOT... OTHERWISE I MIGHT BE **WORRIED**.

BUT AS THE TWO MONSTROUS VESSELS CONVERGE ON THE TINY FREIGHTER...IT SUDDENLY, SHARPLY DIVES!

THEY MAY BE FASTER AT SUB-LIGHT... BUT WE CAN OUTMANEUVER 'EM EVERY TIME!

CAPTAIN SOLO, I WAS WONDERING IF **NOW** WAS A GOOD TIME TO--

EITHER SHUT UP OR SHUT DOWN!

WE'VE STILL GOT THOSE FIGHTERS AND THEIR MOTHER SHIP NAGGIN' US!

CHEWIE... STAND BY TO MAKE THE JUMP INTO LIGHT-SPEED!

THEY'RE VERY CLOSE...

OH, YEAH... WATCH THIS!

WATCH WHAT?

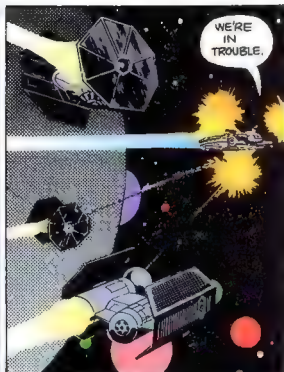
NAAARGH?

I THINK WE'RE IN TROUBLE.

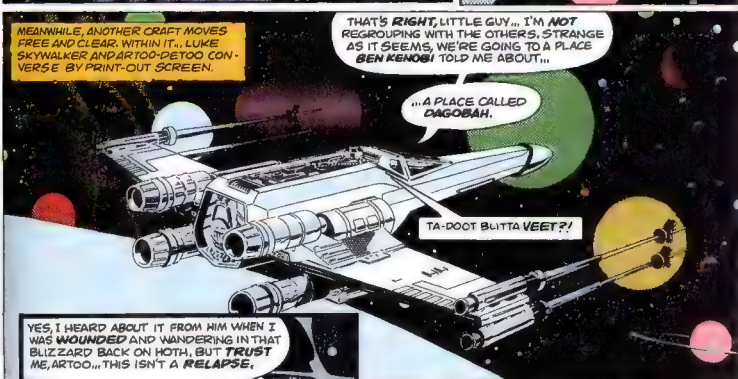


IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR, I NOTICED **EARLIER** THAT THE ENTIRE PARALIGHT SYSTEM SEEMS TO BE **DAMAGED**, BUT YOU WOULDN'T ALLOW ME TO...

AOWWWW!



WE'RE IN TROUBLE.



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER CRAFT MOVES FREE AND CLEAR. WITHIN IT, LUKE SKYWALKER AND ARTOO-DETOO CONVERSE BY PRINT-OUT SCREEN.

THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE GUY... I'M **NOT** REGROUPING WITH THE OTHERS, STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, WE'RE GOING TO A PLACE **BEN KENOBI** TOLD ME ABOUT...

...A PLACE CALLED **DAGOBAH**.

TA-DOOT BUTTA VEET?!

YES, I HEARD ABOUT IT FROM HIM WHEN I WAS **WOUNDED** AND WANDERING IN THAT BLIZZARD BACK ON HOTH, BUT **TRUST** ME, ARTOO... THIS ISN'T A **RELAPSE**.



EVEN THOUGH DAGOBAH ISN'T ON ANY NAVIGATIONAL CHARTS... I **KNOW** WHERE I'M GOING. I'LL GET US THERE SAFELY...

...IT ISN'T FAR,

BUT AS THE YOUNG WARRIOR FROM THE DESERT WORLD OF TATOOINE PROCEEDS WITH CONFIDENCE... HIS FRIENDS ABOARD THE MILLENNIUM FALCON TRY TO MAINTAIN WHAT'S LEFT OF THEIRS!

HORIZONTAL BOOSTER... ALLUVIAL DAMPER... CHEWIE! GET ME THE HYDROSPANNERS!

I DON'T KNOW **HOW** WE'RE GONNA GET OUT OF **THIS ONE!**

AND BEFORE MATTERS GET BETTER... THEY USUALLY GET WORSE! VIOLENT IMPACT SUDDENLY ROCKS THE CORELLIAN FREIGHTER!

THAT WAS NO LASER BLAST! SOMETHING **SOLID** HIT US!

HAN...! HAN! GET UP HERE TO THE COCKPIT!!! **FAST!**

ASTERIODS!

MOVE IT, BRIGHT-EYES... LET US GET TO THE CONTROLS!

CHEWIE-- SET COURSE 2-7-1!

YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY GOING INTO AN ASTEROID FIELD?

IF I MIGHT REMIND YOU, CAPTAIN, THE PROBABILITY OF SUCCESSFULLY NAVIGATING SUCH AN OBSTACLE IS APPROXIMATELY 2,467 TO 1!

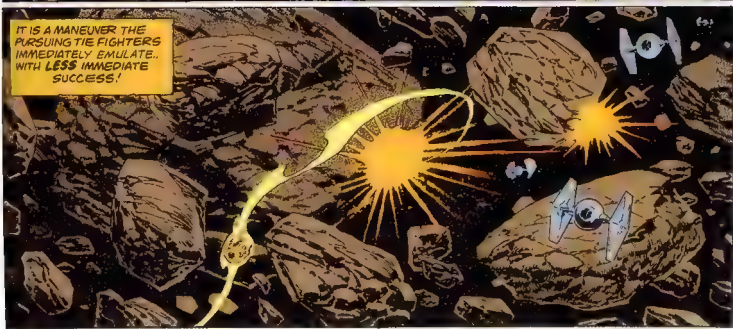


YOU DON'T HAVE
TO **DO** THIS TO
IMPRESS ME.

HANG ON,
SWEETHEART...
WE'RE GONNA
DO SOME
FLYIN'!



AND BANKING WITH ALMOST SICKENING SWIFTNESS... THE SMUGGLING
CRAFT SWINGS INTO THE ONCOMING **MAELSTROM** OF FLYING ROCK!



IT IS A MANEUVER THE
PURSUING TIE FIGHTERS
IMMEDIATELY EMULATE...
WITH **LESS** IMMEDIATE
SUCCESS!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, AT LEAST IN A GALAXY WHERE LIGHT-YEARS ARE SPANNED SIMPLY AS KILOMETERS...

COME IN, ADMIRAL ...

HESITANT, UNEASY, PIETT ENTERS THE PRIVATE CHAMBER. LIGHT DAZZLES HIS EYES; THE WHINE OF SERVO-LIFTS ECHOES IN HIS EARS, AND IN THE MEDITATION POD BEFORE HIM...

HE HALF-GIMPSES A HELMET BEING LOWERED ONTO THE HEAD OF THE SEATED FIGURE HE'UN CERTAINLY APPROACHES.

AS THE GLEAMING BLACK MASK LOCKS IN PLACE, SWIVEL MOTORS SOUND, TURNING THE DARK FORM, BRINGING PIETT FACE-TO-FACE WITH DARTH VADER, LORD OF THE SITH.

OUR PURSUIT SHIPS HAVE SIGHTED THE MILLENNIUM FALCON, SIR... IT'S ENTERING AN ASTEROID FIELD.

ASTEROIDS DON'T CONCERN ME, ADMIRAL. I WANT THAT SHIP.. NOT EXCUSES. HOW LONG BEFORE YOU HAVE SKYWALKER AND HIS FRIENDS BEFORE ME?

WHILE PIETT TRIES TO SUMMON HIS VOICE FROM A TIGHT, DRY THROAT, A CAPE IS MECHANICALLY LOWERED AND THE DARK LORD STANDS... EXPECTANTLY, IMPATIENTLY.

6-SOON, MY LORD...

YES, ADMIRAL... SOON.

BUT AT **THIS** MOMENT... IT SEEMS A MORE PRESSING DOOM MAY OVERTAKE THE **MILLENNIUM FALCON** AND ITS PASSENGERS!



THAT **STAR DESTROYER** IS SLOWING DOWN... BUT WE'RE GONNA GET **PULVERIZED** IF WE STAY HERE MUCH LONGER.

I'M AGAINST THAT.



WE'VE GOT TO GET **OUT** OF THIS SHOWER. I'M GOING CLOSER TO ONE OF THOSE **BIG ONES...**

CLOSER?

CLOSER!

NAROWRRR?!



IF HE HEARS THE OTHERS, **HANSOLO** GIVES NO SIGN. HE MERELY SENDS THE **FALCON** PLUNGING THROUGH LESSER ASTEROIDS TOWARD A HUGE LOOMING GIANT!

HIS ACTION DOESN'T LOSE THE CLOSELY PURSUING TIE FIGHTERS...





.. BUT HIS NEXT
ONE DOES!



ELSEWHERE, A DIFFERENT KIND OF DARKNESS
ENFOLDS THE X-WING FIGHTER OF LUKE SKYWALKER...

...THE THICK OBSCURING CLOUD COVER OF AN
UNKNOWN WORLD CALLED DAGOBAH.

VDITTA VREEP!

I KNOW, I KNOW, ARTOO.
THIS MUCK HAS LEFT ALL OUR
SCOPES DEAD, CAN'T SEE
A THING EITHER...

THOUGHT CERTAIN I SAW
A BEACON JUST BEFORE
WE DROPPED INTO THIS
STUFF... GUESS IT
WAS WISHFUL
THINKING.

GET SET,
LITTLE GUY...
I'M GOING TO
START THE LANDING
CYCLE. LET'S HOPE
THERE'S SOMETHING
UNDERNEATH US!

THE ANSWER COMES IN MOMENTS! EVEN ABOVE THE
DEAFENING ROAR OF RETRO-ROCKETS, THERE IS
THE SOUND OF TREE LIMBS CRACKING, THEN...

WA-DEET!

SHUDDERING INSTANTS LATER, IT IS OVER...

...AND JUST BEGINNING.

CH-KLIK VRRRT DOOP!

ARTOO,
IF YOU'RE
SAYING COMING
HERE WAS A BAD
IDEA... I'M STARTING
TO AGREE
WITH YOU!





CLASSIC
STAR WARS
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Production sketches



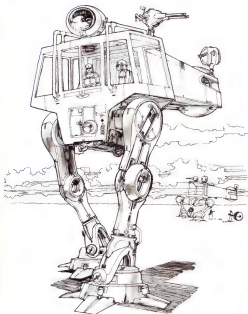
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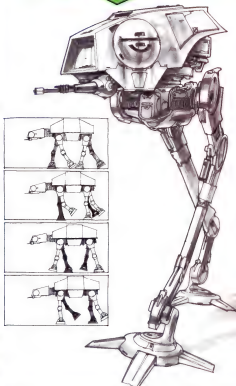
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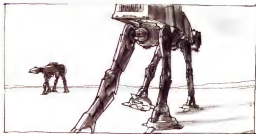
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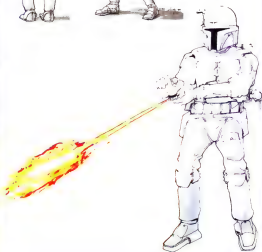
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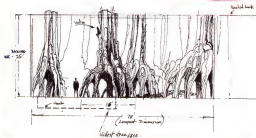
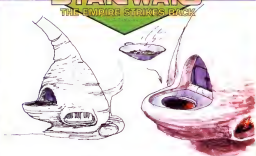
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IN OCTOBER

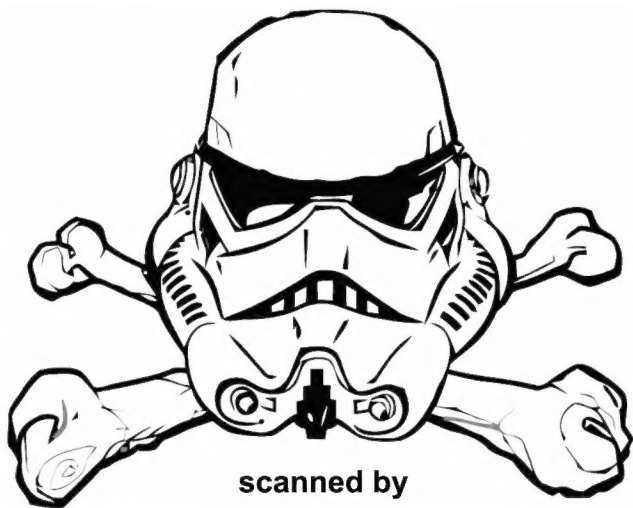
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